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Common Ground Small Boy-What's the score?

Small Boy-Favor of Detroit? Gentleman-Yes. The small boy smiles and the gentleman miles in sympathy. What is there remarkable about that conversation? Oh, nothing,

except that the conversation actually occurred and the small boy was a ragged street urchin without a cent to bless bimself with, while the man was one of Detroit's millionaires. The mutual smile showed that basehall maketh the whole world kin.-Detroit Free Press.

The Trials of a Drammer.

The country storekeeper carefully examined the samples of cloth while the drummer patiently waited. A customer came, the storekeeper waited on him, then went back to examine the samples, to pull out and ustwist the threads. Another customer, and more examination; still another customer, and as the storekeeper began again he said: "Are these samples in style!"

"They were," replied the discouraged drummer, "when you begun to look at them. but that was so long ago that I can't answer or them now."-Detroit Free Press,

A Natural Supposition.

"Papa, what do they have that crowber strapped up there for?" said the small boy in the railway car.

"That, my boy," replied pater familias, sinking hot and frantic into his seat with a sprained wrist and half his thumbnail gone after a three minute wrestle with the car window, "that, I suppose, is for the brake-men to open these blanked windows with."— Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Our Village Industrial Competition. Husband (just home from the city)-My angel!-Crying!-Whatever's the matter! Wife-They've awarded me-prize medal-

Husband (soothingly)-And I'm quite sure Wife (hysterically, Oh - but -'t said twas-for the best specimen o' concrete!-

sobbing)-f' my sponge cake!

Learned It by Ear.

A young lady in this city who teaches a Sunday school class of 8-year-olds recently asked them the question: "What is an altarf" "I know," said one irrepressible; "it's a place where they burn insects."-Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Ta'l Corn.

Corn is so tall in Kansas this year that strangers passing through on night trains, looking out on the cornfields by moonlight, talk of the dense oak and maple forests they are passing through.—Leavenworth Times.

Particular.

"No, indeed," said the young lady from Boston, adjusting her eyeglasses, "I never ride in those Roberttail cars."—New York Evening Sun.

The Dry Season. It's been so wet in some parts of West Vir-

ginia that farmers will have to harvest their crops with strainers .- Washington Critic.

Summer in Boston. PRETTY GIRLS.

In the summer tennis shoes are worn by girls, instead of gaiters, with student waiters.

A PANILY PARTY In the summer, husband, wife and children, with a big lunch basket. Go down the harbor for a day's enjoyment, at

THEY GET OUT OF TOWN. In the summer, there's a rush to reach the vari ous watering places.

And city duns of debtors cannot find the slightest traces.

'TIS EVER THUS. In the summer, picnic parties spend the day in sylvan bowers, And have their finery destroyed by sudden thunder

NOT FUNNY FOR HIM. In the summer bugs and ants and flies become of

men the caters, And 'tis fun to watch the bald man pulverizing

ALWAYS THE WAY. In the summer all the big men get the little bathing dresses,
And the little men the big ones, source prolific

IN INNOCUOUS DESURTUDE. In the summer many overcoats, fur trimmed and storm defying. A prey to ravages of moths on "Uncle's" shelves are lying.

THE SECONS. In the summer when we get a taste of equatorial weather, Ice cream saloons are places where the girls delight to gather.

Travers' Wit.

Henry Clews in his new book, tells several good anecdotes of the witty stutterer, William R. Travers, some of which, though not all are new, are worth reproducing.

A. T. Stewart, the world renowned retail dry goods merchant, was elected on one ocon to preside at a meeting of citizens during the war period, Travers being among the number present. When Mr. Stewart took his gold pencil case from his pocket and rapped with its bead on the table for the meeting to come to order, Travers called out, in an audible tone, "C-cash!" which brought down the house, and no one laughed more heartily than Mr. Stewart, although it was a severe thrust at himself.

His wit, like that of Tom Hood, did not

forsake him, even in his last hours. While on his deathbed at Bermuda a friend called to see him, and said: "What a nice place Bermuda is for rest and change." Travers replied: "Y-y-yes, th-the waiters g-g-get th-th-the ch-change and th-the h-h-botel keepers th-the r-r-rest,"

A Difficult Task.

A traveling man for a certain New York house was put on the witness stand in court. "Do you solemnly swear," said the clerk, "that the evidence you shall give in the case now on hearing shall be the truth, the whole

truth, and nothing but the truth?" The witness besitated, and then said: "I've been selling goods for Blanks & Co. for five years—but I'il do my best."—Merchant Trav-eler.

Commercial Uses of Paper. Summer Boarder-What's that yellow stuff

you are feeding the chickens! Farmer-That's corn, mister.

"What is this in this bin?"

"That's wheat."
"Humph! What are these other things?" "Rye, oats, barley—say, mister, what's your business when at home in Chicago?" "I am a grain speculator."-Omaha World.

In Chicago He Might. Examiner (to graduating medical student)

If you should make a mistake and give a patient an overdose of tartar emetic, what

Student-Try to buy up the coroner .-

MEN TALKED ABOUT.

Gentleman (returning from game)-Six What the Newspapers Say About Them.

Personal Paragraphs. The Duke of Ediuburgh has been made a ceneral of infantry in the German army. Queen Victoria is only a colonel in the same organization.

P. T. Barnum has decided to convert his handsome residence, "Waldemere," into a seminary for young ladies. The mansion will be moved to the edge of Seaside park and remodeled.

Ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, in his capacity of chief of police at Narragan-sett Pier, is a terror to the unruly anall boys who were wont to vex the souls of visitors at that aristocratic point,

The youngest millionaire in Chleago is Cyrus II. McCormick, who is only 29 and is at the head of the extensive reaper manufac-tory founded by his father. He is unmar-ried and has a fortune of \$4,000,000.

Inventor Thomas A. Edison is a hearty eater. Perhaps he has perfected some device which prevents dyspepsia. At all events, this is what he ate for dinner a few days ago: A plate of soup, some cut cabbage, a plate of roast beef, some baked chicken, en ear of corn, stewed tomatoes, two boiled potatoes, two slices of bread and butter, a piece of buckleberry pie, a plate of ice cream.

A radical innovation has visited the Chinese empire. The Marquis Tseng, formerly minister to England, has just celebrated the marriage of his daughter, Lady Blowom, after asking her consent, to her husband. This is a reversal of Chinese custom. The marquis kept other customs, as, for example, heading the procession carrying 120 tables of presents about the streets of Pekin.

The late E. P. Roe used to do his writing in a little workshop at the top of his home It is a long, narrow, uncarpeted room under the slanting roof. It is well ventilated and filled with lazy lounges and chairs, while common book shelves, a large writing desk and a cabinet of Hudson river birds are the only other furniture in the room. Mr. Roe's hobby was collecting birds and studying their songs.

Beituliab, a Turkish bandit, has married Aishe, a beautiful girl whom he had long wooed, and whom he flually won by force, carrying her off in a raid upon Guebzeh, where she lived. The ceremony was duly performed in the presence of his followers. and on its conclusion the bridegroom wrote to the officials of Guebzeh informing them of the wedding and requesting them to properly register it. He threatened them with terri-ble vengeance if they thus failed to legalize his wedding.

Gen. Black, of the pension office, Washington, received the following letter not long ago: "I am the father of seven sons by one wife. I have been informed by different parties that where a man is the father of seven sons and no daughters he was entitled to a pension. Therefore I write you to know the truth about it, and if it be true I wish to know the truth of the matter. If so, how shall I proceed?"

Count Andor Szecheni, at Buda Pesth, taunted Herr Wahrmann with being a Jew, and in a duel that followed was severely wounded. After he had been expected to die for six months he got well, and they were both put on trial. The count's lawyer alleged that it was an honor for any one to come in contact with one of the Szecheni family, and the public prosecutor promptly rebuked him, declaring that nowadays nobody was noble by birth, but only by work and knowledge. The count was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and Herr Wahrmann was let go.

Among the prominent people now assembled at Melbourne to witness the Centennial exhibition of Australian industries, New Yorkers may see by the eye of faith a small, ba'd headed and red whiskered man, whose eyo gathers in the salient features of the western world's big show, while his pencil transfers them to cardboard and his car all the while drinks in the music of the cannon and the rattle of the drums, and sniffs from afar new battles to depict and new wars to describe. And no one who has seen him or heard him lecture at Chickering hall can fail to recognize Melton Prior, the war special of The Illustrated London News.

Says a newspaper correspondent at Saratoga in a recent letter: "While sitting in the new Patterson spring pavilion this morning I was surprised to see Jay Gould and his physician, Dr. Munn, enter and take seats at one of the little tables. They were served with water, and I had a good look at the great millionaire, who goes about the world with railroads and telegraph lines in his pocket. Save a careworn expression, I could not see that he looked perceptibly different from what I had seen him in seasons past on the United States plazza. He was very plainly dressed in a blue suit and leaden colored plug bat, and were a callee necktie, considerably soiled at that." Mr. John Ropes, of Boston, is said to have

the finest collection of prints relating to the life of Napoleon Bonaparte in America, among them a unique collection of burlesque cartoons. It is at Mr. Ropes' Boston home that the famous Quartette club meets every Saturday evening. This is not a musical organization, as one might judge from its name. It is composed of grave and reverend historians, who amuse themselves with a game which they call "A Nation's History." The walls of Mr. Ropes' study are hung with maps depicting the scenes of great American battles, and tiny movable pegs are used by the historian players in replanning campaigns and reflighting famous battles. In the summer time Mr. Ropes lives at York Beach, and although he is a bachelor of 50, he manages to have his house constantly filled with young people.

"Working Over" a Sermon.

In writing of sermons and text, I am irresistibly reminded of a confession made to me by an eminent elergyman of this city. Speaking of the labor required to prepare a sermon worthy of the pulpit, and of the impossibility of writing two each week, in ad-dition to pastoral work, he went to the nook in his library where he kept his stock of sermons, took one out and 'rought it to me.
"Here," he said, "is a sermon which cost me a great deal of labor, and I could not afford to preach it once only and then lay it away in lavender. I have preached it, as a matter of fact, three times to my congregation. But you will see there are three different texts, and three several and separate introductions of the length of two pages each. As soon as I have given out my text all the old ladies of the congregation who are on the watch for vain repetitions' of sermons, pick up their Bibles, hunt out the passage, mark it, place the date in the margia, and then go comfort-ably to sleep. They are satisfied and so am I. Neither the sermen nor the congregation loses anything by re-edition." From which it would appear that there are tricks in every trads except the one in which the reader engaged-that human nature is, as my Uncle David used to remark, "a great institution."
-Fel'x Oldboy in New York Post.

The Piutes of Lincoln county, Cal., stoned an Indian doctor to death because some of his patients died. Now they have learned that all who died were taking a white doc-

Japanese in New York City. There are a good many odd little brown men, with weedy black hair and beards, in

town just now, in whom the eye of a globe trotter would recognize members of the Japanese race. There is a Japanese naval commission roving about the world examining its various navies for the home government, and it arrived in New York some time ago. There are also several inspectors from various Japanese commercial establishments and a number of independent travelers seeing the eights for their own pleasure. The Japs are great travelers nowadays. They make the grand tour of the world as religiously as the genteel Englishman used to make the grand tour of Europa. They travel with sharp eyes and appear to make diligent note of all they see. Some of them speak English and some French, as well as their native tongue, but they are always able when they do not possess these accomplishments to find guides and counselors acquainted with New York at Eseir consulate or among their compatriots who are settled here in trade.

The Japs are an extremely polite people and have many pleasant little customs of social intercourse that render a meeting with them somewhat embarassing to the more brusque and matter of fact American. When you come upon a group of them among themselves, drinking tea at the First Japanese Trading company's stores, or viewing the sights out of doors, it is quite an object lesson in considerateness and civility. To judge by the frequency of the official investigating parties on one subject or another that the Japanese government sends out, the lot of the favored individual in official Japanese circles must be a long and decidedly luscious picnic. I remember dining with chopsticks at the Japanese club quite a year ago, in company with some native gentlemen who were investigating the arts of America and Europe for their nation, and I see by the Paris papers that they are investigating it yet with no promise of a speedy termination to their labors.-Alfred Trumole in New York News.

St. Paul's Oleaginous Bullfrogs.

The bullfrogs residing in the vicinity of McCanon's lake have discovered a novel feeding ground in which they fare sumptuously and fatten prodigiously. It is in the dark basement of the water works pumping station, among the great pipes that connect with the engine, and the feast that is there spread for them consists of the lubricating oil that drips to the stone floor from the joints of the ponderous machinery above. The frogs are very fond of this oleaginous food. They come into the besement windows with a bound and live in this land of plenty the year around. Martin Feist, the engineer, does not disturb them except to hunt them out of their hiding places to exhibit them to visitors. On the contrary, the engineer likes to watch them grow. They attain an enormous size and get very plump and juicy.

But for the pleasures of their lazy, luxurious life they eventually pay dearly. There is a frog catcher wandering through that district, and when be comes along to McCanon's lake the engineer permits him to go into the pump bouse and take his pick from among the fattest and most oleaginous of these green tenants of the pump house cellar. The frog entcher brings their hind legs to St. Paul and sells them to the hotels and restaurants, where they tickle the palates of epicures. The diners upon the frog legs, while praising the succulence and meatiness of their food, are not, however, aware that its superior quality is due to a diet of lubricating oil. The engineer says that the frogs breed in the basement most prolifically, and that he is often able to scare up dozens of them in their hiding places.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Quiet Rich Man's Success. In answer to a query as to the secret of his success, one of Chicago's quietest rich men said to me the other day: "How did I get richt l'il tell you, it was by beginning right." "And how was that?" "Simply by saving." Then, in a moment of confidence unusual in him, he continued: "Why, when my wife and I began life together we always managed to save a port on of my earnings. however small they may have been, and they were very small at first. I would never in those days-and don't now-patonlze so much as a fruit cart in the of small expenditures. I just would not waste money on sweets and nonsensical things, to say nothing of tobacco or drinks of any kind. And yet I olways had good food three times a day for meals. It was the little useless things that a dyspeptic craves at all hours of the day that I saved on. Having learned to control my little desires in this way, I mastered others of more import which rob so many men of their opportunitics and means, and it wasn't long till I had a little meney for investment-loaned a little at interest, carefully bought a small bit of real estate, soon owned a small house or two to rent, made ether careful investments as they commended themselves to my coolest judgment, and-well, the result is that after a while things jast can themselves steadily along till I found that, among all who started in life with me, I aloue had reached success." -Chicago Journal

Use of Electric Motors.

The use of electric motors as a substitute or the steam engine is rapidly increasing In cities which are provided with an electric lightning plant, the dynamos can be used during the day to furnish a current for operating motors in workshops and small factoricant a less expense than that of a steam cagine. In an adjoining city a large printing office has recently dispensed with a seven horse power engine and boiler, and substitated a Thomson-Houston motor, which gives perfect satisfaction, and is found to be less expensive than the coal, water and engineer's wages which the engine required. In addition, it is always ready for work, ght and day, and can be started up at any time to fill an urgent or unexpected order. While the steam engine would be more economical for heavy work or a large manufactory, the advantages of electricity as a source of power for small establishments is undeniable, and it will undoubtedly come into general use.-Popular Science News.

The Coming Crash in France.

There is a crash predicted for France. which will work more widespread ruin than that country has seen since Law's Mississippi public burst, more than a century and a half ago. The crash will begin with the break up of M. Secretan's copper ring, and end with the bankruptey of M. de Lesseps' Panama Canal company. Half the big financial houses of France are involved in the ringing of copper, and thousands of Frenchmen have intrusted their savings to M. de Lesseps. Big and small capitalists alike will be involved in the general smash up. One can already see the beginning of the end for both schemes,-Once a Week.

A London magazine says: "Where the flavor of the clives is not at first appreciated it is best to soak them over night in fresh water, and then place them in vinegar. An excellent pickle is time made, and those eating them in this way soon learn to like them without this preparation." The same writer holds that for garnishing meats olives are not excelled by any vegetable.

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Jarvis' California Pear Cider. This delicious summer beverage is made in California, from very ripe mellow

Bartlett Pears. In the height of the ripening season many tons of pears become too ripe for shipping or canning purposes, they can then be utalized by pressing them into cider. The fresh juice is boiled down two gallons into one, and is then strained through pulverized char coal. This heating, condensing and straining completely decroys fernentation, and the cider ever afterwards remains sweet and good and is a most healthy and nutritious article for family use. Knowing there are many spurious ciders sold in this market we offer the above

xplanation with the eminent testimonial of Prof. J. H. Long. Very Respectfully, THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Sole Proprietors, 39 N. State Street Chicag

San Jose, California.

THE G. M. JARVIS CO., Gentlemen:

Chicago, July 7th, 1887. I have made made a chemical examination of the sample of Jarvis' Pear Cider submitted to me a few days ago, and would report these points among others noted.

The liquid is non-alcoholic and has a specific gravity of 10.55. The total extractive matter amounts to 10.25 per cent., containing only 025 per cent of free acid. The tests show this acid to be malic acid as usually found in fruit juices. I find no other acid or foreign substance added for color or flavor.

I believe it, therefore, to consist simply of the juice of the Pear as represented. Yours truly.

J. H. LONG, Analytical Chemist,

THE G. M. JARVIS CO

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